A MYSTERIUM POEM

ALLAN W. ANGEL

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A Mysterium Poem

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HMS Press

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These three trite books of poetry are productions of HMS Press, a shoe-string operation run by Wayne Ray, which publishes and publicizes poetry in Toronto. Each consists of several pages of stiff paper folded over and stapled [chapbook], with primitive layout and amateurish black and white photography. The future of poetry is less crude than the punk poetry that is sometimes sold in Queen Street clothing shops, but is also less engaging.

A Mysterian Poem, by Allen Angel, is the sort of thing a high school student might write in defiance of the entire history of recorded literature. The six poems express unremarkable sentiments about drugs, lovers, and rock stars. The spelling mistakes and bad grammar are probably deliberate. The word Mysterian does not appear in the Oxford English Dictionary.

CBRA 1984

FOR THADDEUZ

You know, Teddy, if I may call you Ted,
we've made every different scene, you and I,
and the fact is, for you, I would die;
not for Cathy or Dianne or the midnight clown
or a high to end all highs,
and I know you think of me as god
which is why I am about to laude you.
when they used to drink me up and others
used to applaud me and I was applauding you
because every body of light takes form
so as to feel warm, no like religionists
I insist, to leave the night.

So for you Theodore, a fond wish
and a dream filled, rainbow laced,
peaceful night.

-

I remembered you all when others had forgotten
that we were once visitors at the
temple of Johney Rodten. Yes we've hobnobbed
with the Llamas and the Priests
and we spoke of a future filled with splendid feasts
and it's true that we tasted of all
the best meats.
well I'm standing next to World War Three now,
and I like you.
have you rejected old sacred cows?

I'm ok and you're ok and it's peaceful here,
though just hours from home,
OM SHANTI from Ontario.

For paul and david and danny z and for
The george brothers east and west a
New years wish for you

IDEAS FOR NICHOLAS ROEGS NEXT MOVIE

I was taming tigers and idolizing Byron
when she shot herself dead
through the head and I'm sorry I wasn't around
the corner to say "too bad".
winter is far too cold for that and
summer seems to end too fast.
all I wanted to do was sing love songs
in warmer friendlier ports
and I'm sorry I wasn't truthful, because yes,
there was another woman
and it's good that you cannot read this
because your life was a funeral pyre
on which I burned my fingers and only
diseased memories festered in quagmires there,
and it's time that you had more money
than me. . .and maybe . . .

-

FOR IT

She belongs to them, the losers, the
one time hookers and the old men boozers,
who reminisce about the good old days,
the brandy, the beer, the easy lays
and the quick buck backed by the solid fuck,
anyway, when you are one of the gang
you forget your name
or is it blood under the bridge that leaves
piss on your brain.
you sat drinking drano
as a circus of dismemberment filled
and defiled the air like a poisonous gas-
consuming all. Shadows of Eden confuse
the junky as she curses her rotting vein
and cries out for mercy to a dirty spike,
soon everything will be ok, alright.

-

Like unborn Angels longing to be freed
from the womb of God, from spirit seed
for you I have a sacred devastating need
'cause only you, Jim, can cause my soul
to bleed.
deny me not your hidden charms and
hold me close within your arms.
a soulful kiss will see me through
an aeon of languid solitude.

for james douglas morrison, poet
disappeared in 1972

FOR THE MYSTERIAN

She walks with grace, the tigress with no spots.
He keeps the pace, this puma who rules
the clocks and they try to ask him if he
is history tonight and he replies,
"I am Cat Man, I am the Legand"

FOR HER

To ponder her I think of moon and sea
reflecting images so wild and free and
very moist in mystery.
to think of her I barely can remember
how our spirits flowed in September like
rivulets of rain water down a grey window pane.
Looking at her face at five am on television screens
when all there was to see was
hazy white bleary, polka-dot delights. . .

. . .reminded me of nobler times when Janis
occupied my times with nonsensical stories
of growing old at age fifteen.

FOR ME

I trace Renoirs in clouds of shimmering
blue cigarette smoke
and I breath life into flowing red ink
from eternity onwards and I think
in velvet, sometimes in mink.
I play with molecules and erotic drugs
and sometimes I bet my sanity for love,
but I'd never hurt a friend, but then again
that may just depend on whether he or she
chooses to screw me or not
and if I feel like it today I'll sell my
soul and say "I love you, , Angel" and
I'll watch you blush inside and go
queezy because I couldn't see that beauty
of you, baby, has always been
a mystery to me.